

The Refuge of a Sinner/

Wherein are briefly declared the chiefest Pointes
of true Salvation.

S Oyled in sinnes (O Lorde,) a wretched sinfull Ghoste,
To thee I call, to thee I sue, that shewest of mercie moste,
Who can me helpe but thou, in whom all heape doth rest.
My sinne is more than man can mend, and that thou knowest best.
On whom then shall I call, to whom shall I make mone?
Sith man is mightlesse sinne to cure, I seeke to thee alone.
In thee I knowe all might and power both remaine,
And at thy handes I am well sure, mercie I shall obtaine.
Thy promise can not faile, wherein I me repose:
To thee alone, (els to no man) my hart wyl sinne disclose.
The Sinner thou dost saue: no Saviour els I finde
Thou onely satisfied hast for the sinnes of all mankinde.
The Sacrifice whereof, thou offeredst once for aye:
Whereby his wrath for Adams gyle, thy father put awaye.
And by thy death alone, Mankinde restored is,
There was no meanes merce for man to get of hym but this.
Nowe thou hast merce bought, if man by thee will craue:
And who that seeketh by other meanes, small merce might he haue.
Wherefore (O Lorde) on thee, for merce do I call:
Let not my sinnes consume me cleane, and I dampned to fall.
The merites of my workes, were they neuer so iust:
I here forsake, and them resigne, to suche as in them trust.
There is no murtheringe Masse, can make amendes for me:
Nor of the Sainctes departed hence, I trust in none but thee.
No pardon can me purge, but thy pardon alone,
Nor yet no pillynge Pilgrimage, made vnto Stocke or Stone.
No Psalter nor yet Psalmes, saide to thy Creatures:
No ryng of Belles, no Organe Pipes, nor Song that my soule cures.
Thy blood hath bought my soule, and booteth all my bale.
And not mans workes nor chaunted charmes, deuise in Witches
Thou sittest where thou seest, our workes all and soine: Dale.
The secreete thoughts of every hart, before thy iudgment come.
Shall I then pleade my workes: thou knowest them bett than I,
Forget them Lorde, I claime them not, for merce do I crye.
Haue merce on me Lorde, forgeue my trespasse wrought,
And fro hence forth graunt me thy grace, to guide me, dede & thought.
That all my workes maye sounde, due gloire vnto thee:
That Heauen and earth, and all therein, may yeld thee praise for mee.
For where as ought is done, by man after thy wyl:
That worke is thyne, and thyne the praise: man can do nought but yll
For of my selfe I knowe, in me is nought but sinne,
In Sinne I walckte, in Sinne I suckte: in Sinne I did begin.
And haue I not thy grace, to Sinne againe I shall:
Without thy grace so weake I am, no choyce for me but fall.
Shall I than cease to call, thy grace that I maye haue:
Thy faithfull promise is to giue, to them in faith that craue.
Of mercy than and grace, my faith doth me assure:
And by thy death to haue at ende, the Joyes that shall endure.

Finis. Ro. Burdet Esquier.

Bonum quod communis est melius.

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